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Z. BEATTY.

THE COQUETTE, AND THE COQUETTE-TAMER.

Mabel Gray was most beautiful; but her beauty was of that sort which we gaze upon admiringly and distrustfully. She was tall, slender and gracefully proportioned. Her eyes were large, black and sparkling. Her hair, of the same color, fell in luxuriant tresses on her shoulders. Her eye brows were strongly marked and arched. Her lips were rosy and mischievous. Her nose was on the Roman order and imperious. Her complexion was dark but clear, and mantling with a delicate bloom. To these personal peculiarities her character corresponded. She was clever, capricious and tender. Fond of exciting admiration, she despised any feeling short of absolute love—and seemingly desirous of dominion over all, she really wished only for the undivided homage of but one. But, as she knew herself capable of a deep and lasting passion, so she demanded nothing less from the one on whom she should bestow her heart, and in order to prove him, she resolved not to give the least token of encouragement until his entire love and constancy were beyond doubt. If he could remain true while she lavished smiles and attention on his rivals, then she would, after a time, relent, and make up by warmth and sincerity for previous coldness and deceit. Mabel Gray was a coquette—but likely to become something better.

It was not possible for such a girl to live unwooed—and when I state that she was an orphan with a large fortune at her disposal, it may be supposed that her lovers were rather numerous.

Amongst those who professed themselves enamored of her charms, was Oliver Pearson, a young man of property, education, and prepossessing manners. His person was commanding and his features handsome. He was gifted with peculiar readiness and pliancy of intellect, which enabled him to adapt himself to any occasion, and to turn it to advantage. He could be grave or gay, sentimental or satirical, and all with apparently equal ease. Oliver Pearson was just the man to cope with a coquette, and of all coquettes with Mabel Gray.

She treated him with less favor than the others, because she suspected she beheld him with more. Indeed, she feared to examine herself strictly on this subject, lest she should discover too plainly how feigned was her indifference. And what was her reason for playing this poor, hypocritical part? She was not yet convinced that Pearson was as devoted to her as her merits deserved. He had not yet humbled himself sufficiently low and sufficiently long. Before she could begin to evince the least sign of love, she must feel that she was loved as deeply as a human creature ever was loved in the world before. She committed a great but common error: inordinate womanly vanity she considered proper maidenly pride.

One morning she sat working, whilst Oliver Pearson sat by her side looking on. The work on which Mabel Gray was employed, was very characteristic of her. She was working a silken chain for a lover whom she despised, in order to vex the lover whom she admired. Never did she touch that chain unless Oliver Pearson was present; his well known knock was always the signal for her taking it up, and his departure for her putting it down. Its ostensible purpose as a present, was quite secondary to its real purpose as an engine of coquetry. Probably she had no intention of ever finishing it, but if satisfied that Pearson believed she had, would have been contented with the ingenious triumph of piquing one lover and not committing herself with another. Pearson, however, was provokingly cool. He seldom alluded to it, and when he did, it was usually with smiles, as if he were rather amused than otherwise. Could he have the independence to think that she preferred him to his rivals? or to suppose that the chain was not intended for the person she said it was? He might find himself mistaken after all.

On the present occasion he had sat for full half an hour, talking about love in the old style and had not once mentioned the chain, though she had shown a wonderful industry, and had worn all the airs of being engaged in an interesting task. At last, taking hold of it carelessly, he said,

"So the chain comes on slowly, I find. My friend Mordaunt must be impatient."

"Your friend Mordaunt may be impatient if he please, sir," said Mabel. "Patient or impatient, he must wait until I choose to give it."

"Which will not be long," said Oliver, smiling, "when we consider how great a favorite he is with Miss Gray. But I confess this matter puzzles me; for, if he be worthy of making a chain for, he is certainly worthy of having it made for him a little quicker. It does not seem altogether a labor of love. I, declare," said he, taking hold of the chain again, and looking mischievously at Mabel, "I declare, it seems exactly as if you only worked on this when I am here."

"Indeed, sir," said Mabel, coloring "I should rather say that you always happen to be here when I am working on it. What has your presence or absence to do with my working?"

"Oh, nothing, of course," said Pearson, "yet it struck me as odd that I always find the happy Mordaunt's chain of the precise length that I left it—doubtless a mere coincidence. But, my dear Miss Gray," contined he, "this jesting conversation must serve as a preliminary to a serious communication I have to make. Are you willing to listen?"

"Quite willing! Let us have your 'serious communication' by all means," said Mabel astonished at his abrupt turn.

Pearson drew his chair nearer. "Miss Gray," said he, "could poor Mordaunt know how many rivals he contends with, and how many smiles and favors are lavished on others would he esteem this chain as a love token, though presented by the fair hands of Mabel Gray herself?"

"Mr. Mordaunt," said Mabel, slightly coloring "is the best judge of his own thoughts and will estimate any gift of mine at its proper value. You, sir, at least, have no right to assume the character of Mentor, and if I have ever given you encouragement, you must forget the silly whim of the moment."

"It is on this very subject that I would speak to you," said Pearson. "My sentiments towards you have been declared too long, and remain too unchanged to be doubted for one moment. I was dull enough once to imagine that you loved me, and heaven knows with what rapture I tho't so. But soon others were smiled upon—Mabel Gray became the idol of a few triflers—and I gradually found myself treated as one of the throng. This I cannot—nay will not bear. I have now come to a resolution on the subject, and firmly intend to act upon it."

"A dreadful one?" said Mabel, smiling. "O do let me hear it. Something that will astonish me, now, and break the momentous lovemaking of my other admirers."

"A simple one," said Pearson, "but one that will set your coldness at defiance Mabel, I have brought myself, by a long course of mental discipline, to the power of dreaming as I please. I intend to dream every night, that you are the most truthful—most affectionate—most constant of your sex; that you adore me more than any lady ever adored knight in the old romance: that our days glide on in one delicious stream of uninterrupted love; and that our mutual conduct is a pattern worthy of imitation by every other couple in the kingdom."

"So," said Mabel, affecting to laugh, "this is your pretty scheme, is it sir! Given forth with so much parade, too, and with so grave a face! You shall see what the reality will be—I will treat you with greater coldness than ever."

"Do my dear Miss Gray," said Pearson, throwing himself carelessly back in his chair—"pray do—the contrast will be better, and in the meantime I will console myself with your imaginary kindness."

"This is really quite amusing;" said Mabel. "Perhaps you will go so far as to tell me your dreams, sir, in order that I may see how very kind I have been."

"The identical thing I was about to propose," said Pearson. "Yes, I will give you an account of them every morning, and you shall listen. But mind, no interruption when you think you have been too kind for me. Is it a compact?"

"It is," said Mabel. "There is my hand—and if you will be content with such a phantom mistress, I almost think I will give you leave to dream of me every night for twelve months."

Whether Mabel Gray was as much amused as she affected to be, I cannot pretend to say but certain it is that she was much interested; for next morning she was sitting thoughtfully in the breakfast parlor and looking anxiously towards the door every moment, as if expecting the entrance of a visitor.

At length the door was opened, and Mr. Pearson was announced. Mabel rose in a stately manner to receive him, but Pearson shook her hand heartily, with a joyous countenance, seated her in a chair, and immediately drew another close beside her.

"Miss Gray," said he, "never was love like yours! What devotion have I found at length in that bosom which was once so cold!"

"Sir!" said Mabel, angrily.

"In my dream," said Pearson, "O, of course, I meant my dream. Methought I sat in an arbor covered with vine and jessamine. Mabel Gray was by my side and smiling sweetly on me. A delicate repast was before us, and servants handed us flagons of wine. The fruits I loved best were offered me by Mabel's own hand. I was happy beyond expression. Suddenly the seats were filled with men, methought, too, that among the faces I recognized that of Mordaunt. Mabel Gray immediately left me and attended to these new comers. To some she poured out wine, to others she handed their favorite fruits, talking and laughing with each in their turn, and scarcely bestowing a look on me. In the midst of this festivity a thick smoke arose, which after curling around several times assumed by degrees the form of a large tiger, ready in one moment to dart on his prey. All were seized with fear and trembling, but not one had power to move. And then methought the tiger spoke and said:—"Mabel Gray! you have twelve guests. Eleven are devoted and must die! Make choice, therefore, of one to be saved—and see that you choose as you think—for not one of the others shall survive your decision!" Mabel Gray grew deeply pale. "Intense anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all. Not a moment was to be lost—she threw herself on my neck—embraced me tenderly—and, imprinting a burning kiss upon my lips"—

"A kiss, sir!" said Mabel, suddenly starting up "a kiss!"

"'Twas in my dream," said Pearson. "Remember you were not to interrupt. But I have finished, for with the kiss I awoke; so whether the tiger devoured the others or not, I have really no means of ascertaining."

"A pleasant dream truly!" said Mabel, laughing, with a bloom on her cheek heightened in intensity. "It is entertaining, however, and shows the truth of the old adage, that dreams always go by contraries. But, Mr. Pearson, I have lost so much time with your silly story, that I am quite forgetting the chain for poor Mr. Mordaunt."

Here she busied herself in searching for the neglected momento, and having found it, immediately commenced working upon it in a most industrious and praiseworthy style, until Mr. Oliver Pearson had taken his leave. Then she threw it down, leaned her face on her hand, and in a few moments was buried in meditation.

At the same time the next morning Mr. Pearson was announced, but his appearance had undergone a complete change. He no longer wore a joyous countenance—nor did he enter the room briskly—nor draw his chair close to Miss Gray. He seated himself thoughtfully on the sofa and heaved a profound sigh.

"Mr. Pearson you seem melancholy. Have I been unkind in your dreams?"

"To be treated coldly night and day; by the only being I ever loved, is too much to bear. Miss Gray, I have tasked myself beyond my powers. I imagined that I could force myself to believe that you loved me—but last night proved the deception Not content with rejecting me you actually laughed at my despair. Methought that, but I dare not trust myself to relate my dream. Suffice it to say that my doom is sealed, and I have nothing now to hope for. To-morrow I shall start for the continent."

"To-morrow!" said Mabel, turning pale. "Leave us to—you say—to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Pearson; "why should I delay? You have pronounced my sentence of banishment, and I obey your will."

"Mr. Pearson," said Mabel, smiling, "you should not—nay, this is foolish. But I own I pity you, and to show it, come here, and I will tell you a dream I had last night."

Pearson drew his chair close by her side.

"I thought," said Mabel, smiling, "that I was standing at an altar, attired as a bride. The portraits of all my admirers, were passed before me, so that I might freely choose; and as soon as I had done so, the original was to present himself before me."

"Well," said Pearson, almost breathless with suspense—"and you choose whom?"

"Listen!" said Mabel. "The portraits moved slowly along, and I anxiously awaited the appearance of one—the resemblance of him who alone had possession of my heart. At length it came, and I uttered the name—but alas! the original came not?"

"And the name," said Pearson, eagerly, "the name was"—

"Oliver Pearson," said Mabel, looking down and blushing.

"The original is here before you," said Pearson rapturously taking her hand. "Mabel, do dreams always go by contraries?"

"Not always," said Mabel, sinking into his arms.

"You love me, then," said Pearson, "and I am not treated with contempt?"

"Let this confirm it,' said Mabel, taking the doubtful chain from her bosom, and hanging it around his neck.

"And was this always intended for me?" inquired Pearson, smiling.

"At least," said Mable, "it was intended for no one else."

MORAL.

A coquette cannot render dupes more unhappy and contemptible than she renders herself; and as they suffer from too great a belief in her perfection, so does she suffer from the same.

From the Appendix to the Report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum.

NUMBER VI.

We must not omit a passing notice of an incurable, but occasionally useful, and on many accounts amusing and interesting patient, styling himself the "cattle drover, sportsman and financier extraordinary to the institution and mankind at large." He also claims to be clerk of the new buildings; Superintendent of public works in the State; Proprietor of the steamboat Lehigh; Mineral and Botanical doctor, &c., whose mosaic delusions are as numerous and capricious as his character and qualifications are unique and surprising. He is a stout, active, well built man, with a handsome, sincere countenance, who is sure to be the first to meet you on entering the gallery, and endeavor to slide into your good opinion with a sly wink, a coaxing smile, and gentle voice. Wishing immediately "to buy sixteen hundred head of fat cattle, four years old;" or ready to loan any amount of money that can be desired, which is forthwith produced, in large packages of bank bills, manufactured by himself, and made payable to his order, at every corporation in the Union, from Florida to Maine. He is never supplied with a less sum "than a hundred and seventy five millions, upon the best specie paying banks." But if you do not need money, he is very entertaining with a description of his extensive farming and pasture lands—with accounts of his milling and steamboat operations—his droving expeditions—horse racing—blooded cattle—and roulette of his own invention; or, as a physician he is always willing and ready to attend to the most difficult cases; will exhibit his lancet of wire and prescribe infallible cures for every disease, from a sore eye to the gout, or consumption.

Notwithstanding his singularity, he is kind and attentive to those needing assistance around him, taking great interest in the affairs of the house, and constantly talking about the expense of providing for so many patients, the difficulty of keeping them in order, and the necessity of employing more help, &c. He also excels in complimentary notices of the ladies, and is always ready, either to dance a jig, sing a song, or preach a sermon, and, if need be, take a fight, or run a foot race.

This is but a hasty sketch of the most active, singular, and clever character in the care of the institution. One, whose unfortunate disease has hitherto resisted every remedial effort in our power, and being unsafe to go at large, must, in all likelihood, find a permanent home within these walls. He was a very intelligent and respectable mechanic, who previous to his insanity, was strongly exercised in mind upon the subject of religion, which is thought to be the cause of his disease. His general character was peaceable, but, under, the excitement of insanity, he proved to be malicious and quarrelsome, threatening the lives of persons, and to destroy property, and burn the buildings of his friends and neighbors.

At this time he is cheerful and pleasant, in comfortable bodily health, still fond of sport, and always ready for a joke. Seeing a person in the hall a few days since, with a black eye and scratched face, he very quaintly asked him if he had been "attending a meeting of the owl-creek association."

But is is probable he will be most admired in his character of a practising physician, in which he claims a successful experience of twenty years. His medical opinions are so very strong and clear, and his prescriptions so mild and efficacious, especially in consumption, that we cannot better conclude this imperfect account of his case, and, at the same time, subserve the great interests of humanity, and our marvellous profession, than by giving a statement of his practice, in this alarming disease. It is but a short time since, he was regularly consulted by a very consequential and inquisitive gentleman, who appeared anxious to be recovered from a consumption of unusual severity. The doctor looked wise, as doctors will, and then commenced his directions, as follows: "take of white puccoon root and red puccoon root equal quantities; white solomon's seal and red solomon's seal, each ten grains, and of sulphate of quinine ten grains; make them all into pills, and take one three times a day, for a year. The quinine will operate on the sweet breads of your stomach; the solomon's seals will roar up the kineys, and the puccoon roots will knock the knots off the flaps of your liver, and rout out the consumption, just as the leaves are coming out on the trees in the spring of the year."

Women—Marriage.

There are those who deem political subjects beyond the sphere of a woman's, certainly of a young woman's mind. But if our young ladies were to give a portion of time and interest they expend on dress, gossip, and light reading, to the comprehension of the constitution of their country, and its political institutions, would they be less interesting companions, less qualified mothers, or less amiable women? "But there are dangers in a woman's adventuring beyond her customary path." There are, and better the chance of shipreck on a voyage of high purpose, than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream, to no purpose at all.—*The Linwoods—Miss Sedgwick.*

As the cause of humanity, and the advance of civilization, depends mainly on the purity of the institution of marriage, I shall not have written in vain, if I have led one mind more highly to appreciate its responsibilities, and estimate its results; its effect not only on the happiness of life but on that portion of our nature which is destined to immortality: if I persuade even one of my young countrywomen so to reverence herself, & so to estimate the social duties and ties, that she will not give her hand without her heart, nor her heart till she is quite sure of his good desert who seeks it. And above all, I shall not have written in vain, if I save a single creature from the barter of youth and beauty for [illegible] the merely legal union of persons and fortunes multiplying among us, partly from wrong education, and false views of the objects of life, but chiefly from the growing imitation of the artificial and vicious society of Europe.

It is only by entering into these holy and most precious bonds, with right motives and right feelings, that licentious doctrines can be effectually overthrown, and the arguments of the more respectable advocates of the new and unscriptural doctrine of divorce can be successfully opposed.

We boldly then advise our young friends so far to cultivate the romance of their natures (if it be romance to value the soul and its high offices above all earthly consideration) as to eschew rich old *roue* bachelors, *looking out* widowers with large fortunes, and idle, ignorant, young heirs; and to imitate our heroine in trusting to the honorable resources of virtue and talent, and a joint stock of industry and frugality, in a country that is sure to smile upon these qualities, and reward them with as much worldly prosperity as is necessary to happiness, and safe for virtue.

Southern Rose.

Beautiful Extract.

"There is scarcely a profession in which the sympathies of its professors are more painfully excited than that of the medical practitioner. How often is he called to the bed of hopeless sickness; and that, too, in a family, the members of which are drawn together by the closest bonds of love! How painful is it to meet the inquiring gaze of attached friends, or weeping relatives, directed towards him in quest of that consolation, that assurance of safety, which he has not to give! and how melancholy is it to behold the last ray of hope, which had lingered upon the face of affection, giving place to the dark cloud of dispair.

"And when all is over—when the bitterness of death hath passed from the dead to the living—from the departed to the bereaved—hark to that shriek of agony, that convulsive sob, that bitter groan, wrung from the heart's core, which bespeaks the utter prostration of the spirit beneath the blow!

"There, cold in the embrace of death, lies the honoured husband of a heart-broken wife—her first, her only love! Or, it may be, the young wife of a distracted husband, the bride of a year, the mother of an hour, and by her, perhaps, the blighted fruit of their love—the bud by the blossom, and both are withered."

Tales of a Physician.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT—The Boston Mercantile Journal selects the following from the Foreign Review for April, 1839, as one of the finest passages in the whole range of English literature. The subject treated of, is the benefit of printing:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramids of seventy thousand human skulls, and was standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till fierce hosts filed to new victories and carnage, that the pale onlooker might have fancied that nature was in her death-throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, past away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand through all countries and all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations from Walter Penniless to Napolean Bonapart, compared with the movable types of Johannes Faust!"